

MISCELLANY

Indian Summer.

There is a time but when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When autumn in a reverie lies
And leaves her blossoms away.
When Summer comes, in misty morn,
To gare once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many shavers they blud,
And see if all are spiced well.

(With heavy breath she whispers low,
The dying flames look pale and give
Their last tokens of fire.)
To him who made them, beauties liee,
She takes her bane the woodlands shade,
Her reprise lift the evening east,
And winter's bane the winter's shade.
The loved and lost ones of grief.

At last old Antonius, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With bounties hand the tree he shakes,
Inclined on gallant heart to show
Sheer strength; exults when the pines
And waiting Winter, stand and groan,
Sees many Autumns bide their grain,
And smiles to think it's all o'er.

SIDNEY GREY; A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

By the Author of "Mia and Charlie."

The fourth morning, however, brought relief to every one. It was a fine day—that in itself was cheering. Mrs. Miller sent word that she was better, and begged to see her nephews and nieces in the course of the day, and Sarah brought the message with a tremulously good-natured face. The afternoon's post, too, brought a letter from Mr. Grey. It was a very long letter, written from Portsmouth, just as he was preparing to embark on board the ship that was to take him to India. It was full of little scraps of home news, admissions to past-times, of great bands of advice to one, and another of the children. It did more than even the sunshine to dispel the listless, disengaged mood that was creeping over them. The first result of reading this letter was that Sidney remembered a lesson with which his father had entrusted him to Dr. F. W. Wise, the master of the grammar-school in the town, and that Edward was despatched to deliver it, and to ascertain whether the school had re-assembled, and when they were to begin their attendance. While he was away Amy exerted herself as far as to bring down Charlotte's and Frank's lesson-books, and consulted Sidney about the best plan for carrying on their studies, and Charlotte resisted the temptation to go and gossip, with Betty in the kitchen, and employed herself in putting tidy her own and her brother's bedrooms, which were in a state to have assembled. Sarah if she had had leisure to look at them. It was long past tea-time when Edward returned, and Charlotte saw, by the first glance at his face, that he was in one of his usual ask-me-any-questions humors. "What sort of a man was he?" "Well, this." "Has he said when they were to go to the school?" "To-morrow."

"Edward," said Charlotte, solemnly, "you need not try to hide the truth from me. Something extraordinary has happened, I am certain; and besides, I have all along had a presentiment."

"Stuff," said Edward. "I suppose," said Amy, "that Edward sees something he dislikes about Dr. Wise, or the school, or the road to it."

"It's the worst road I ever saw in my life," Edward broke in, now speaking very fast, and pushing his plate away from him; "it's covered with broken pots. How Sidney is ever to walk to the school I don't know."

"To-morrow you will see," said Sidney,

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